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Old Rosin the Beau

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KIND RELATIONS.

WE all have our shares of the ups and the downs,
Whatever our rank and station,
And he's sure to get the most scoffs and frowns,
Who depends on his kind relations!
For it's all very well once or twice to drop in,
To ask for a trifling favour,
But on a third time they are sure to begin
To construe it to bad behaviour.

There's your relations, kind relations,
There's your kind relations.

I speak from experience, and you'll find,
Though often they invite you,
When poverty comes close behind,
How quickly they will slight you:
For it's—clear the way—there's a knock at the door,
Say we're gone out for a ride, John,
I know who it is, it's that hungry bore,
Don't open the door too wide, John.
There's your relations, &c.

My goods were one day seized for rent,
The broker took his station,
Pale and trembling off I went,
To try each kind relation!
Some hem'd, some ha'd, and some looked cool,
With faces of grief and sorrow:
My twin brother said he made it a rule
Never to lend or borrow.

There's your relations, &c.

I thought in my sister to find a friend,
But soon she undeceived me
By saying—these are not times to lend,
I would if I could relieve thee;
A trifle, dear sister, would keep me afloat,
I shall sink if you do not arrange it,
She said, she'd not less than a twenty pound note,
And she couldn't find time to change it.

There's your relations, &c.

I lost my goods, but found that day,
(Though 'gainst me they had sinn'd all,)
Death summoned a rich old friend away,
Who left me a tidy windfall.
And then how they altered from what they'd just said,
Their cant it was really provoking,
To hear them exclaim, as each hung down his head,
Lord! Tom, we were only joking.

There's your relations, &c.

Now who in the world so blest as me,
With so many kind relations,
I am asked to dinner, to supper, to tea,
I've a hundred invitations!
But their crawling presents I daily return,
Their kindness to me they may scant it,
For I hate those cold hearts that would poverty spurn,
And give only to those who don't want it.

There's your relations, &c.



OLD ROSIN THE BEAU.

London:—H. P. SUCH, Machine Printer and
Publisher, 177, Union-street, Borough.

I HAVE travelled this wild world over,
And now to another I'll go,
I know that good quarters are waiting,
To welcome old Rosin the Beau.
To welcome old Rosin the Beau,
To welcome old Rosin the Beau,
I know that good quarters are waiting,
To welcome old Rosin the Beau.

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter,
A voice you will hear from below,
Singing out "Whisky and water,"
To drink to old Rosin the Beau.

And when I am dead I reckon,
The ladies will all want to I know,
Just to lift up the lid of my coffin,
And look at old Rosin the Beau.

You must get some dozen young fellows,
And stand them all round in a row,
And drink out of half-gallon bottles,
To the name of old Rosin the Beau.

Get four or five jovial young fellows,
And let them all staggering go,
And dig a deep hole in the meadow,
And in it toss Rosin the Beau.

Then get you a couple of tombstones,
Place one at my head and my toe,
And do not fail to scratch on it,
The name of old Rosin the Beau.

I feel the grim tyrant approaching,
That cruel, implacable foe,
Who spares neither age nor condition,
Not even old Rosin the Beau.

Not even, &c.

